

Current Comment

Let's Have More

The editor of the Press has received two letters which were published in the order they were received. Their publication aroused considerable interest and drew some comment. What we would like to have is more of the same. If you have any worthwhile views on a new high school, incorporation, suggestions for a smoother relationship between town and country, or anything else of local interest, write briefly to the editor. Anonymous communications will receive no consideration. We also will not be able to publish anything of a libelous nature.

Stick to Your Line

The greatest trouble with the small town merchant is his penchant for cutting in on his next-door neighbor's line of merchandise. This is particularly true of Campbell. No sooner does a merchant meet with a measure of success in some line than the man up the street decides to cut in, and the line become of little use to either of them. No wonder it becomes increasingly difficult for local merchants to compete with San Jose and other nearby cities.

See this One

"The Port of Missing Girls," starring Barbara Bedford, is a picture that will be shown at the local picture house Sunday and Monday, Sept. 22-23. It is reported to be a really worthwhile production and is recommended very highly by the California Federation of Women's Clubs. Plan to see it.

They Go Just as Fast

Too many people regard anything but the main line of a railroad as something to be lightly regarded. The fact is, however, that trains on branch lines are just as heavy, fast and hard to stop as they are on the main drag. This has been proved right here in Campbell where within the past year three automobiles have been demolished, a number of people more or less seriously injured and one man, who figured in the most recent tragedy, was killed outright. Until such time as highways and railroads are separated there will continue to be accidents of this kind—and the only way to hold their number down to the minimum is to be careful—and remember that a train going 40 miles an hour cannot be stopped in the same number of feet required to stop an automobile going the same speed.

They Don't Come Smaller

The person or persons who last Thursday evening attempted to destroy by fire the newly constructed Boy Scout-Campfire building must be a pretty small animal. Why anyone should wish to deprive Campbell youngsters of the advantages of such a building is entirely beyond us, and the only explanation of the attempted arson is that someone harbors a desire to witness a bang-up conflagration or wanted to give the fire lads a workout. In any case it was a mighty mean trick and but for the rapid response of the local fire department it would doubtless have resulted in the loss of the building.

That's all.

Possession Of Hooch Costs \$30, Says Judge

W. Breed of Cupertino was tried last Wednesday afternoon in Judge Blaine's court on a charge of possession of liquor. The offender was taken into custody by Officers Barnes and Coupland about 2 o'clock Sunday morning, following complaints made by residents of Ainsley's camp. He was lodged in the county jail while awaiting trial.

EMILY PANNELL GARD

Teacher of Piano and Harmony

Registration for Fall Term
Opened Sept. 16

Studio:—Curry Bldg.

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CAMPBELL PRESS

VOL. 33, NO. 2

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1929

KENNEDY AVENUE GRADE CROSSING CLAIMS A VICTIM

Death, hovering over the grade crossing at Kennedy avenue, took a victim Friday afternoon. Harris Wilcox, 56, was killed when the coupe in which he was riding with his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clarence Wilcox, 36, was struck by an east-bound Southern Pacific passenger train. Mrs. Wilcox, driver of the coupe, was thought to be beyond recovery but was later reported in much better condition. Wilcox' injuries were a gashed head, several broken ribs, a broken wrist, a broken leg and internal injuries.

The accident occurred about 3:15 o'clock as the Santa Cruz-San Jose train was approaching Campbell a few minutes late and speeding in an effort to make up lost time. Harris Wilcox has resided in Campbell for several years and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wilcox has been working at the California cannery for some time.

22 Members Of 1929 Class Enroll In San Jose For More Study

Twenty-two of the 59 graduates of the Campbell high school in 1929 will continue their studies at the San Jose state teachers' college. Those beginning the fall term are Alpha Davison, Louise Freitas, Ida Furtado, Conrad Gaiser, Ada Gardner, Pauline Guida, Virginia Harris, Cecil Keesling, Clara Knopf, Dorothy Knutzen, Wilhelmina LeGrande, Elva Mattos, Annette Merrill, Betty Nichols, David Pugh, Laura Pugh, Leonard and Martin Shadle, Evelyn Smith, Ebba Swanson, Elin Swanson and Margaret Tutt.

Clara Rice, Anna Prout and Anita Strom are taking courses in nurses' training at the county hospital and Phyllis Burton will enter that institution in February. Margaret Semichy is in training at the O'Connor sanitarium.

Genevieve Burright is attending Sacramento junior college while Mary Maxon and Helen Stray are at Pomona college.

Funeral Services For Olive Cordoza Held Thursday Morning

Olive Cordoza, 15, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cordoza, died at the home of her parents last Monday afternoon after being ill for two weeks with tubercular meningitis.

Funeral services were held Thursday morning at the Cordoza home and at the St. Martin's church in Burbank. Interment was made at the Santa Clara Catholic cemetery.

Mrs. J. O. Souto Tendered Party By Her Staff

A pleasant surprise was tendered Mrs. J. O. Souto at her orchard home on North Central avenue Monday evening by her staff of co-workers to commemorate the closing of another season at the J. C. Ainsley packing plant.

The party met at the home of Mrs. A. I. Cramer and there proceeded to the home of Mrs. Souto. Games were played, singing of old favorite songs and radio music composed the evening's entertainment.

Delicious refreshments were served at daintily appointed tables. Present were Mesdames Benner, Williams, Harris, Souto, Green, Prout, Fulton, Mary Williams, Ada Smith, Davis, Getchell, Cramer and Miss Carson, all of Campbell, and Mrs. Rice of San Jose and Mrs. Hall of Santa Clara.

Curry Family Attend Funeral At Placerville

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Curry, Miss Myrtle Curry, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Dodge, Bobby Dodge and Mr. and Mrs. Walker Vaughn have just returned from Placerville where they went to attend the funeral of Mrs. Curry's sister, Mrs. Mary Rhodes, who passed away at the Curry home last week after a long illness. Mrs. Rhodes was one of the first children born in El Dorado county, her parents having arrived there during the gold rush. She was buried by the Native Daughters at Georgetown last Saturday morning, many beautiful floral offerings testifying to the love and esteem in which she was held.

Service Club Will Hold Food Sale

Friday morning, Sept. 21, at the J. C. Ainsley kindergarten a food and thrift sale will be held by the Young Women's Service club of the Methodist church.

The Posse Has Captured Mrs. Everyone's Jimmy

By Albert T. Reid



Tradition

HOW rich is the heritage of the American citizen! Youthful, as nations go, we are rich in tradition and history. As time is measured, it has not been long since America, as a nation, consisted of a few scattered villages and hamlets along the Atlantic seaboard.

Fortunately these humble communities harbored men and women imbued with the pioneer spirit, the spirit that has passed down from generation to generation and made possible the American of today.

These pioneers of yesterday overcame unbelievable obstacles to found a nation that should one day span a continent. Peril and hardship were their daily lot, but they fought through for the sake of their dream, that we who come after them should have security and prosperity.

These pioneers of yesterday have endowed every nook and corner of America with a wealth of tradition. There is not a community in our land that is not indebted to them, and we who now enjoy the fruits of their labor and vision owe them the debt of completing the work they so well began. The spirit of the pioneer calls out of the past for us to carry on.

Where better can we start than right here in Campbell? Here, as elsewhere, the civic founders dreamed of an ideal community, and for their sake and the sake of the ones who come after us, we must do our share.

Note the challenge in the Community Development page found elsewhere in this issue, made possible by our loyal business men. It is a message worthy of our utmost consideration.

Harry C. Smith At Post M. Convention

Post Master H. C. Smith left today for the national convention of postmasters being held in Sacramento Sept. 18-19-20. This is the first time the national has been held in California and everything is being done to make it a memorable occasion.

Postmaster General Walter Brown and several of his assistants will be present and will make addresses.

Mr. Smith was accompanied as far as Sacramento by his sister, Mrs. Harry P. Wilkins of Auburn, Wash., who has been visiting here for the past two weeks.

Attendance Rally Held At Cong. Church Thurs.

A rally of the Congregational Sunday school and church attendants was held on the church grounds last Thursday evening. A bonfire and watermelon treat were the main features of the event. W. T. Alexander, who has been the "angel" of several of the feeds, was again responsible for that part of the program.

Dan Yeager Back From National Convention

Dan Yeager, rural mail carrier,

returned early this week from a trip to the east and south where he attended the national convention of the Rural Letter Carriers association. In an early issue of the Press will appear a detailed story of Mr. Yeager's journey.

Woman's Club Will Stage A Card Party

The Country Woman's club will sponsor a card party Oct. 24, to be held in the community hall. Mrs. J. C. Ainsley, Mrs. E. R. Kennedy and Mrs. R. H. Hyde are the general committee in charge and further announcements will be made at a later date.

FINANCIAL REPORT READ AT OPENING OF LOCAL CLUB

The club year for 1929-30 was opened by the Country Woman's club Monday with an interesting business session and informal program.

The president, Mrs. D. H. Cramer, presided and the new secretary, Mrs. C. H. Whitman entered upon the duties of her office. A very complete financial report was given by Miss Lewis, showing the expenditures for the many improvements and repairs that were made during the summer, the entire building having been thoroughly renovated.

Mrs. Cramer reported that the librarian, Mrs. Voge, had stated that the use of the reading room during the later evening hours did not warrant the expenditure at present but would be tried again in the winter months.

Mrs. M. E. Purmort was in charge of the program which was "Vacation Notes." She requested the ladies to respond to roll call with a few words regarding their summer vacation trips, plays or concerts attended, interesting books read, or other items. The accounts proved very interesting and showed a wide diversity of travel and other interesting events.

A card party was announced for Thursday, Oct. 24, to be held in the hall.

Mrs. C. H. Whitman Entertains Friends At Luncheon Thursday

Mrs. Chauncey H. Whitman entertained 16 friends at luncheon Thursday noon at her home on North Central avenue. The tables, which had been placed in the spare room cover, one being pink, cious living room, each had a different green, one orchid, and one blue. Each table was centered with a glass basket, to the handle of which a fluffy tulle bow, the color of the cloth, had been tied. Beautiful asters, carrying out the color scheme, were contained in the baskets.

Following luncheon the guests amused themselves with a guessing contest and a unique prize was presented the lady at each table, who proved herself the best guesser.

Several of the guests remembered their hostess with flowers and large baskets of asters and zinnias graced the living and dining rooms.

Howard Bean Will Return To Work In Capital City

Howard Bean arrived last week from Orange, Calif., where he has been for some time on government work. After two weeks here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bean of Williams road, he will return to Washington, D. C., to resume his work with the bureau of standards. He is accompanied by his family who are enjoying California weather.

Roy Wehmyer And Miss Doris Mason Are Married At Reno

Last Wednesday Miss Doris Mason and Roy Wehmyer were quietly married at Reno. Their wedding had been set for next month. They spent their honeymoon at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Roy Wehmyer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mason of Stella, Neb., and has been teaching for several years at the Jefferson school in San Jose. Roy is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wehmyer and is the head of the sales department at the Ralph Berggren store in San Jose. They are living at the Alpha apartments at the present time.

Minister Speaks At Grange Meet. Tues.

S. N. Hedegard presided over the meeting of the Grange last Tuesday evening. During the business session reports from committees were heard. Leroy Anderson of the legislative committee reported that the petitions asking that the supervisors call a special election for the formation of a water conservation district for the Santa Clara valley had been presented to the board of supervisors and it was hoped that the date for the election will be set for Oct. 7.

The Rev. Casey Cantrell, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist church in San Jose, was the chief speaker during the lecturer's hour. He spoke on "The Development of the Oligarchy of Wealth." H. A. Harms and H. G. Keesling of the garden committee each gave a short talk. Harry Barnes and E. K. Clendenen also gave interesting talks on items in the National Grange monthly publication.

The TRAIL of '98

A Northland Romance

by ROBERT W. SERVICE

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

WNTU Service

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Athol Meldrum, young Scotsman who tells the story, leaves his mother and brother, Garry, to seek his fortune. At San Francisco, practically penniless, he meets a fellow adventurer whom he dubs the Prodigal. The Prodigal is anxious to join the rush of gold seekers into Alaska, and Meldrum agrees to go with him after he (the Prodigal) comes back from a visit to his wealthy father in the East. Athol, in great need is befriended by Jim Hubbard ("Salvation Jim"). When the Prodigal returns, the three men join the stampede into the Frozen North. On the boat is a young girl, Berna, traveling with her grandfather and a hard-looking couple named Winklestien who figure as her uncle and aunt. She tells Athol she is journeying into Alaska to take care of her grandfather, who is obsessed with the idea of getting rich in Klondike. Landing at Skagway, Athol's party at once takes the trail. In a snowslide on the Chilkoot trail, which Berna and her companions had taken, hundreds of lives are lost. Fearing for Berna's safety, Athol hastens to the scene. He finds the old man dead. Mrs. Winklestien refuses to allow Athol to see Berna. Later at Bennett Berna asks Athol to marry her to save her from the harsh fate she foresees. Athol is unwilling to take such a decisive step and tells her she must wait.

CHAPTER V

IT WAS spring when we set sail on the sunlit waters of Lake Bennett. Never had I felt so glad. And indeed it was a vastly merry mob that sailed with us, straining their eyes once more to the Eldorado of their dreams. Yet, under all the mirth and gaiety, you could feel, tense, ruthless and dominant, the spirit of the trail. Klondike or bust! Once more the slogan rang on bearded lips; once more the gold-lust smoldered in their eyes. The old primal lust resurged.

Of all who had started out with us but a few had got this far. Of these Mervin and Hewson were far in front, victors of the trail, qualified to rank with the Men of the High North, the soundboughs of the Yukon valley. Three days' start ahead were the Winklestiens.

I kept a keen lookout for them and every day I hoped we would overtake their scow, for constantly I thought of Berna. Her face, so wistfully tender, haunted me, and over and over in my mind I kept recalling our last meeting.

At times I blamed myself for letting her go so easily, and then again I was thankful that I had not allowed my heart to run away with my head. For I was beginning to wonder if I had not given her my heart, given it easily, willingly and without reserve. And in truth at the idea I felt a strange thrill of joy. The girl seemed to me all that was fair, lovable and sweet.

We were now skimming over Tagish lake; a dead calm, a blazing sun, a seething mist of mosquitoes. We sweltered in the heat; we strained, with blistered hands, at the oars; we cursed and tolled like a thousand others of that grotesque fleet. We entered the Fifty-mile river; we were in a giant valley, tier after tier of beehindland rose to sentinel mountains of austere grandeur.

The river was our best of burden now, a tireless, gentle beast. Then one evening, when we were sweeping down the placid river, the current suddenly quickened. The banks were sliding past at a strange speed. Swiftly we whirled around a bend, and there we were right on top of the dreadful canyon. Straight ahead was what seemed to be a solid wall of rock. The river looked to have no outlet; but as we drew nearer we saw that there was a narrow chasm in the stony face, and at this the water was rearing and churning with an angry roar.

I was in the bow. All at once I saw directly in front a scow struggling to make the shore. In her there were three people, two women and a man. I saw the man jump out with a rope and try to snub the scow to a tree. Three times he failed, running along the bank and shouting frantically. I saw one of the women jump for the shore. Then at the same instant the rope parted, and the scow, with the remaining woman, went swirling into the canyon.

All this I saw, and so fascinated was I that I forgot our own peril. I heard a shrill scream of fear; I saw the solitary woman crouch down in the bottom of the scow, burying her face in her hands; I saw the scow rise, hover, and then plunge downward into the angry maw of the canyon.

The river hurried us on helplessly. We were in the canyon now. About midway was a huge basin, like the old crater of a volcano, sloping upward to the pine-fringed skyline. Here was a giant eddy, and here, circling round and round, was the runaway scow. The forsaken woman was still crouching on it.

"Keep clear of that scow," I heard some one shout. "Avoid the eddy."

It was almost too late. The ill-fated scow spun around and swooped down on us. Jim and the Jam-wagon gave a desperate strain at the oars. I saw the scow swirling past, just two feet from us. I looked again—then with a wild pan-

ic of horror I saw that the crouching figure was that of Berna.

I remember jumping—it must have been five feet—and I landed half in, half out of the water, I remember clinging a moment, then pulling myself aboard. I heard shouts from the others as the current swept them into the canyon. I remember looking round and cursing because both sweeps had been lost overboard, and lastly I remember bending over Berna and shouting in her ear.

"All right, I'm with you." For a moment she stared at me unbelievably. Then, with a half-sob, half-cry of joy, she clasped her arms tightly around me. Something in her look, something in the touch of her slender, clinging form made my heart exult.

Once more we had whirled off into the main current; once more we were in that roaring torrent. The water smashed and battered us, whirled us along relentlessly, lashed us in heavy sprays; yet with closed eyes and thudding hearts we waited. Then suddenly we were sweeping along smoothly, and on either side of us the valley sloped in green plateaus up to the smiling sky.

I unlocked my arms and peered down to where her face lay half hidden on my breast.

"Thank God I was able to reach you!"

"Yes, thank God!" she answered faintly. "Oh, I thought it was all over. I nearly died with fear. It was terrible. Thank God for you!" But she had scarce spoken when I realized with a vast shock, that the danger was far from over. We were hurrying along helplessly in that fierce current, and already I heard the roar of the Squaw rapids.

"Be brave, Berna," I had to shout again; "we'll be all right. Trust me, dear!"

She was staring ahead with dilated eyes of fear. Yet at my words she became wonderfully calm and in her face there was a great, glad look that made my heart rejoice. She nestled to my side.

We took the rapids broadside on, but the scow was light and very strong. Like a cork in a mill-stream we tossed and spun around. The roar of doom was in our ears. Thud, crash, roar, sickening us to our hearts; lurching, leaping, beaten, battered, then all at once we opened our eyes.

We were again sweeping round a bend in the river in the shadow of a high bluff. If we could only make the bank—but, no! The current hurled us along once more. There, about two hundred yards away, were the dreaded Whitehorse rapids.

"Close your eyes, Berna!" I cried. "Lie down on the bottom. Pray as you never prayed before."

We were on them now. We both dropped down in the bottom of the scow, and she clasped me so tightly I marveled at the strength of her. I felt her wet cheek pressed to mine, her lips clinging to my lips.

"Now, dear, just a moment and it will be over." Once again the angry thunder of the waters. The scow took them nose on, riding gallantly. Again we were tossed like a feather in a whirlwind, pitched forward from wrath to wrath. We clutched each other convulsively. Would it never, never end . . . then . . . then . . .

It seemed the last had come. Up, up we went. We seemed to hover uncertainly, tilted, half-poised over a yawning, gulf. Dizzily we dipped over, steeply we plunged down. I gave up all hope. I felt the girl faint in my arms. How long it seemed! I wished for the end. Then, swamped from how to stern, half turned over, wrecked and broken, we swept into the peaceful basin of the river below.

Boats and scows were lined up for miles along the river shore. On the banks water-soaked outfalls lay drying in the sun. We, too, had shipped much water in our passage, and a few days would be needed to dry out again.

Madam Winklestien I found surprisingly gracious. Winklestien, too, had conveniently forgotten our last interview, and extended to me the paw of spurious friendship. I was free to see Berna as much as I chose.

Thus it came about that we rambled among the woods and hills, picking wild flowers and glad almost with the joy of children. In these few days I noted a vast change in the girl. It was as if in the poor child a long stifled capacity for joy was glowing into being.

One golden day, with her cheeks softly flushed, her eyes shining, she turned to me.

"Oh, I could be so happy if I only had a chance, if I only had the chance other girls have. It would take little to make me the happiest girl in the world—just to have a home, a plain, simple home where all was sunshine and peace; just to have the commonest comforts, to be care-free, to love and be loved. That would be enough." She sighed and went on:

"Then if I might have books, a little music, flowers—or, it seems like a dream of heaven; as well might I sigh for a palace."

"No palace could be too fair for you, Berna, no prince too noble. Some day, your prince will come, and you will give him that great love I told you of once."

Swiftly a shadow came into the bright eyes, the sweet mouth curved pathetically.

"Not even a beggar will seek me, a poor, nameless little girl traveling in the train of dishonor." She had all the sad sophistication of the lowly born, yet with it an invincible sense of purity.

Once I asked her:

"Berna, if you had to choose between death and dishonor, which would you prefer?"

"Death, of course," she answered promptly. "Death's easy; physical death; compared with the other, compared with moral death."

She was very emphatic and angry with me for my hazardous demur.

Never was such a brave spirit, so

determined in goodness, so upright in purity, and I blessed her for her unflinching words.

We were dreamers twain, but while my outlook was gay with hope, hers was dark with despair. Since the episode of the scow I had never ventured to kiss her, but had treated her with a curious reserve, respect and courtesy.

Indeed, I was diagnosing my case, wondering if I loved her, affirming, doubting on a very see-saw of determination. When with her I felt for her an intense fondness and at times an almost irresponsible tenderness. Was I in love? Poor fatuous fool! I wanted her more than anything else in all the world, yet I hesitated and asked myself the question.

Hundreds of boats and scows were running the rapids, and we watched them with an untiring fascination. That was the most exciting spectacle in the whole world.



"Not Even a Beggar Will Seek Me, a Poor, Nameless Girl Traveling in the Train of Dishonor."

The issue was life or death, ruin or salvation, and with every few minutes of the day, was the breathless climax repeated. Every day were bodies dragged ashore. The rapids demanded their tribute. The men of the trail must pay the toll.

Soon I knew that Berna and I must part, but two nights later it came. We were sitting by the river, remember, a little way from the boats. As she sat, silent and with hands clasped, it was as if the shadows that for a little had lifted, now enshrouded her with a greater doom.

"Tell me your trouble, Berna," she shook her head, her eyes wide as if trying to read the future.

"It's nothing; it's only my foolishness. If I tell you, it wouldn't help me, and then—it doesn't matter. You wouldn't care. Why should you care?"

She turned away from me and seemed absorbed in bitter thought. "Care? Why, yes, I would care; I do care. You know I would do anything in the world to help you. You must tell me, Berna. It will worry me indeed if you don't."

Once more she refused. I pleaded with her gently. I coaxed, I entreated. She was very reluctant, yet at last she yielded.

"Well, if I must," she said; "but it's all so sordid, so mean, I hate myself; I despise myself that I should have to tell it."

She kneaded a tiny handkerchief nervously in her fingers.

"You know how nice Madam Winklestien's been to me lately—bought me new clothes, given me trinkets. Well, there's a reason—she's got her eye on a man for me."

I bit my lip.

"Who's the man?" "Jack Loosco. Have you heard of him? He's got a million-dollar claim on Bonanza."

Had I heard of him? Who had not heard of Black Jack, his spectacular poker plays, his meteoric rise, his theatrical display?

"Of course, he's married," she went on, "but that doesn't matter up here. There's such a thing as a Klondike marriage. Anyway, he wants me."

"But you wouldn't, surely you wouldn't?"

She turned on me fiercely. "What do you take me for? Surely you know me better than that. Oh, you almost make me hate you."

Vainly I tried to soothe her, whispering:

"Oh, my dear, tell me all about it. I'm sorry, girl, I'm sorry."

She went on in her fierce, excited way.

"He came to the restaurant in Bennett. He used to watch me a lot. His eyes were always following me. I was afraid. I trembled when I served him. He liked to see me tremble. It gave him a feeling of power. Then he took to giving me presents, costly gifts. I wouldn't let him, took them from me, put them away. Then he and she had long talks. That was why I came to you that night and begged you to marry me—to save me from him."

"But he can't get you against your will," I cried.

"No! no! but he'll never give up. He is relentless and of all women he wants me. He would break me on the wheel of dishonor. Oh, God! Her face grew almost tragic in its despair."

"I'm all alone, friendless, a poor, weak girl. No, I'm wrong. I've one friend—death; and I'll die, I'll die, I swear it, before I let him get me."

I was terribly distressed and at loss how to comfort her.

"Hush, Berna," I pleaded, "please

don't say such things. Remember you have a friend in me, one that would do anything in his power to help you."

She looked at me a moment.

"How can you help me?" "By marrying you. Will you marry me, dear? Will you be my wife?"

"No! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man left in the world," she cried vehemently.

"Why? I tried to be calm."

"Why? why, you don't love me; you don't care for me."

"Yes, I do, Berna. I do, indeed, girl. Care for you! Well, I care so much that—I beg you to marry me. Since the moment I set eyes on you, I loved you. I was just waiting for you, waiting. Since the beginning of time it was all planned that I should love you. And you, how do you care?"

She stood up to hear my words. She would not let me touch her, but there was a great light in her eyes. Then she spoke and her voice was vibrant with passion, all indifference gone from it.

"Oh, you blind! You coward! Couldn't you see? Couldn't you feel? That day on the scow it came to me—Love. Do you know what I wished as we went through the rapids? I wished that it might be the end, that in such a supreme moment we might go down clinging together, and that in death I might hold you in my arms. Oh, if you'd only been like that afterward, met love open-armed with love. But, no! you slipped back to friendship. I feel as if there were a barrier of ice between us now. Leave me, leave me, for I never want to see you again."

"Yes, you will, you must, you must, Berna. I love you so, I love you so."

I crushed her to me, I kissed her madly, yet she was cold.

"Have you nothing more to say than fine words?" she asked.

"Marry me, marry me," I repeated.

"Now?"

Now I hesitated again. The suddenness of it was like a cold douche. God knows, I burned for the girl, yet somehow convention clamped me.

"Now if you wish," I faltered; "but better when we get to Dawson. Better when I've made good up there. Give me one year, one year and then—"

"One year!"

The sudden gleam of hope vanished from her eyes. Then she turned to me in a sudden spate of passion, her face pleading, furrowed, wretchedly sad.

"Oh, my dear, I love you better than the whole world, but I hoped you would care enough for me to marry me now. It would have been best, believe me. Well, be it so, we'll wait one year."

"Yes, believe me, trust me, dear; it will be all right. I'll work for you, slave for you, think only of you, and in twelve short months—I'll give my whole life to make you happy."

"Will you, dear? Well, it doesn't matter now. . . . I've loved you."

All that night I wrestled with myself. I felt I ought to marry her at once to shield her from the dangers that encompassed her. She was like a lamb among a pack of wolves. I juggled with my conscience. I was young and marriage to me seemed such a terribly all-important step.

Yet in the end my better nature triumphed, and ere the camp was astir I arose. I was going to marry Berna that day. A feeling of relief came over me. How had it ever seemed possible to delay? I was sealed beyond measure.

I hurried to tell her. Love words trembled on my tongue tip. It seemed to me I could not bear to wait a moment.

Then as I reached the place where they had rested I gazed unbelievably. A sickening sense of loss and failure crushed me.

For the scow was gone.

It was three days before we made a start again, and to me each day was like a year. Why her sudden departure? I had no doubt it was enforced. I dreaded danger. Then in a while I grew calmer. She was safe enough. We would meet in Dawson.

At last we were under way. Once more with swelling sail we drove before the wind. Perhaps the rich ground would be all gone ere we reached the valley. Maddening thought after what we had endured! We must get on.

The days were insufferably hot and mosquito-cursed; the nights chilly, damp and mosquito-haunted. I suffered agonies from neuralgia. Never mind. It would soon be over. We were on our last lap. The trail was near its end.

Yes, it was indeed the home-stretch. Suddenly sweeping round a bend we raised a shout of joy. There was that great livid scar on the mountain face—the "Slide," and clustered below it like shells on the seashore, an army of tents. It was a gold-born city.

Trembling with eagerness we pulled ashore. At last we had gained our Eldorado, thank God, thank God!

A number of loafers were coming to meet us. They were strangely calm.

"How about the gold?" said the Prodigal; "lots of ground left to stake?"

One of them looked at us contemptuously. He chewed a moment ere he spoke.

"You Cheechakers better git right home. There ain't a foot of ground to stake. Everything in sight was staked last fall. The rest is all mud. There's nothing doin' 'n there's ten men for every job! The whole thing's a fake. You Cheechakers better git right home."

Yes, after all our travail, all our torment, we had better go right home. Already many were preparing to do so.

This was the end.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POULTRY FACTS.

LAYING HOUSES IN NEED OF CLEANING

Scrape and Scrub Various Utensils Made Use Of.

Information to poultrymen concerning fall cleaning of poultry houses is given in a statement just issued by Hoyt M. Wells, poultryman for the Colorado Agricultural college.

"The laying house for the pullets should be given a thorough cleaning," says Wells. "All dropping boards, roosts, nesting boxes, feeders and drinking containers ought to be scraped and scrubbed with a good disinfectant. Roosts may be painted with a carbolineum product to control red mites. Old floor should be removed from the floor, and if the floor is wooden or concrete, it should be scraped and sprayed with a good disinfectant.

"Whitewashing walls and ceiling will give greater sanitation and provide more light in the house in wintertime. Whitewash may be applied best with a force spray pump. This mixture gives good results: Slack lump lime with water to the consistency of cream. Take five quarts of this, add one pint of good coal tar disinfectant and one quart of kerosene, stir thoroughly, and add an equal amount of water. Strain the whitewash through a fine screen or a piece of burlap before using it in the sprayer.

"Window lights should be cleaned and broken ones replaced. Sweep down all muslin curtains, and replace with new muslin those that are too dirty or torn.

"This is the best time of the year to repair the roof, or put on a new one. Check over all seams on patent roofing for leaks.

"A good deep litter should be put in the laying house next, and new nesting material in the nest boxes. Remove old litter and replace with bright, clean straw every four weeks or oftener, if necessary."

Scratching Found Not Essential to Fowls

Three flocks of Rhode Island Reds and three White Leghorns at the University of Illinois indicated that hens do as well when fed grain in boxes as when they are obliged to scratch for it in deep litter. This method has the advantage of being much cleaner and more sanitary.

One lot of each breed was fed dry mash in hoppers and scratch grain morning and night in straw litter. A second lot received dry mash in hoppers, but the grain was fed twice daily in shallow troughs. For the third lot the scratch grain was ground and mixed with the mash and the whole ration self-fed in hoppers.

No high records were made, but the egg yield was not affected materially by the methods of feeding. The test ran for 41 weeks.

The grain mixture was shelled corn, 70 pounds and oats, 30 pounds. The mash was made up of 17 pounds each of ground corn, ground oats, wheat bran and flour middlings, 25 pounds of dried buttermilk, 5 pounds of bonemeal and 2 pounds of salt.

POULTRY FACTS

Shut up the broody hens each night.

Eggs are a food which is quickly and easily digested.

Infertile eggs do not spoil as readily as fertile eggs do.

Don't forget the water pans. Eggs are not produced without a constant supply.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. In the chicken business it spells success or failure.

Eggs from hens have a higher rate of hatchability than those from pullets, and produce larger and more vigorous chicks.

Ducks consume a great quantity of green food in the ration to insure them getting sufficient. The same holds true with the grit.

The collection of flowering cherry trees that was presented to the city of Washington by Japan in 1912 consists of almost 2,000 trees.

Records kept by poultry flock owner shows that culling of flocks and marketing of unprofitable layers and surplus broilers are highly profitable practices.

For the gosling a mixture of corn meal bran and ground oats mixed with the table scraps and moistened with milk or water to a crumbly consistency is satisfactory.

If there are mites in the poultry house keep the chicks outside. The mites can live for six months to a year without the chicks, but the chicks can't live six days with the mites.

Hawks and crows are often blamed for chick losses that trace to stray cats. These thieves can be caught in box traps, set near the poultry runs, and baited with a dead chicken.

A little extra feeding now may give you more late summer and fall eggs. Hens won't eat much in the real hot weather, and a bit of extra weight put on them now will help them to lay later on.



This Great NEW Majestic at \$149.50 LESS TUBES

HERE'S more value than you can buy in any other make of radio set! Only Majestic's precision-workmanship and giant production makes possible such amazing quality at such an unheard-of price.

No other instrument in any price field commands the services of such eminent engineers. No other guarantees your satisfaction with 1000 exacting inspections of every Majestic produced.

No wonder Majestic adorns a million homes—with 5000 new owners added every day! They know what they're saving in real money. They know what they're getting in superlative, reliable performance all year round. You can't buy a better radio than Majestic at any price! See the Majestic dealer today.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Mighty Monarch of the Air

Model 91 Power Detection and the new -45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency. Absolutely no hum or oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform range and power all over the dial. Improved Majestic Super-Dynamic Speaker. Heavy, sturdy Majestic power unit with positive voltage ballast assures long life and safety. Early English design cabinet of American Walnut. Instrument panel overlaid with genuine imported Australian Lacedwood. Easychoon plate and \$149.50 knobs finished in genuine silver.

TUNE IN Majestic Theatre of the Air over Columbia and American Broadcasting Systems every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Headliners of the Stage and Screen.

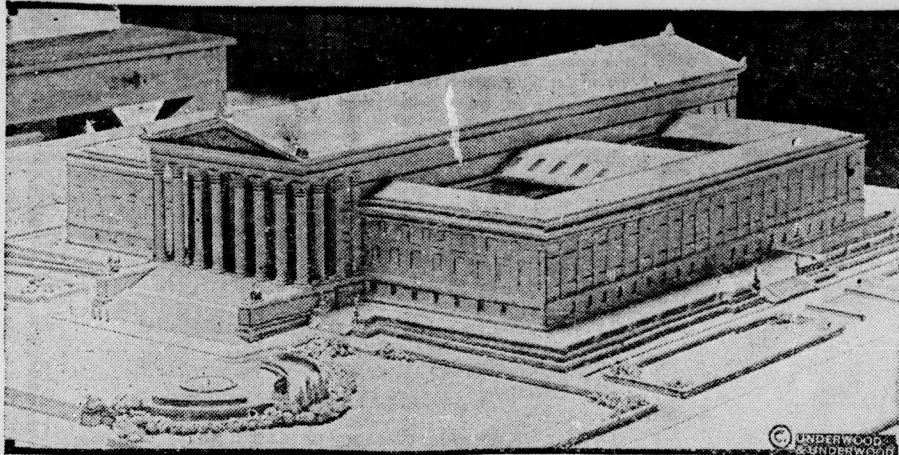


Majestic RADIO

A young man was arrested for biting a girl on a bench—must have taken her for a sand witch.

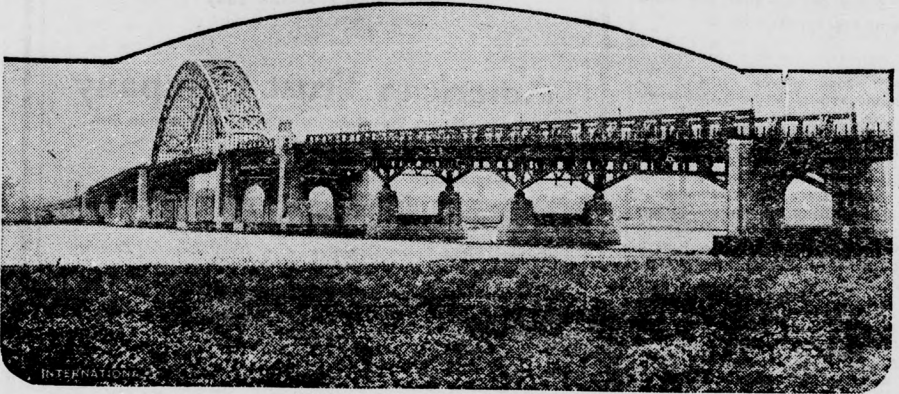
Fletcher's CASTORIA FOR QUICK, HARMLESS COMFORT Children Cry for It

Model of the Proposed Supreme Court Building



This is the model, displayed in Washington, of the new building that is to be erected for the United States Supreme court.

New Link in National Highway Chain Dedicated



A view from the Jersey side of the new \$5,000,000 Tacony-Palmyra bridge, designed by Ralph Modjeski, which was opened the other day with elaborate and colorful ceremonies. Gov. Morgan Larsen of New Jersey, Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia and many other state and city officials attended. The span is the second link between New Jersey and Philadelphia, and has a direct connection with the great Lincoln highway.

Great Paddling Feat by Ten Society Girls



These ten society debs from Camp Toyon on Catalina island were photographed just before they had completed the extraordinary feat of paddling their war canoe across the treacherous waters of Catalina channel. Losing their way in darkness and getting two miles off their course, they required 5 hours and 45 minutes to make the 26 miles to the mainland at Los Angeles harbor.

JOB FOR MCGRAW



New York is full of baseball rumors, the wildest of which is that John McGraw is to be the next manager of the Chicago White Sox.

TITANIA



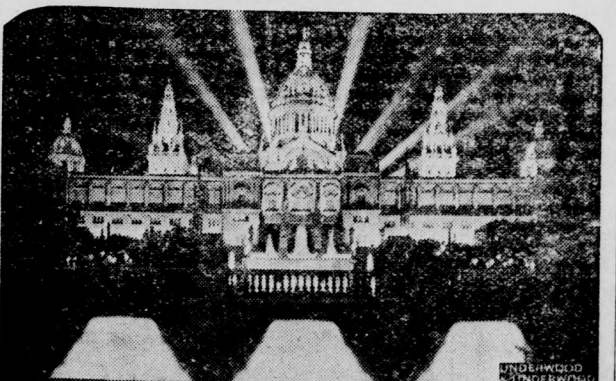
Miss Charlotte H. Fritz of Spring Lake, N. J., who was selected to be Queen Titania XXXVIII at the Asbury Park national baby parade. She is an expert rider and swimmer and a fine singer.

Ford Buys Famous London Clock



This clock that has stood for more than a century over the entrance to a London jeweler's shop has been purchased by Henry Ford for his factory in Detroit. The figures of Gog and Magog strike the hours with their hammers.

American Lighting in Barcelona



This is the national palace at the Barcelona (Spain) exposition as it appears at night when illuminated by the system of electric lights designed and installed by the American engineers of the Westinghouse company. It is said to surpass anything previously attempted in exterior lighting.

A Place in the Scheme of Fate

By RUBY DOUGLAS

"POLLY, dear, I do love the pretty orchid evening gown you're so devoted to of late, but I am tired of picking up purple beads everywhere I go," sighed Polly Anderson's chum one afternoon as she picked up bits of colored china from the rug.

Polly laughed. The orchid gown trimmed so heavily in tiny purple beads was a venture with her and it amused her to have it attract so much attention.

Somewhere in an essay on colors she had read that the mauve and purple shades were mental stimulants.

She had felt herself getting into a rut for months. Nothing was any fun. Nothing amused her. She seemed subnormal, spiritually. And she had happened to see this little essay on colors. It had appealed to her and she had bought the gown in which were all the tones of purple. Now it was shedding its beads everywhere she went, and she was being amused by the result. No doubt she would have been equally well entertained if the beads had been green.

One morning she was casting her eye casually over the lost and found column of her home paper. She liked to read them. She stopped suddenly, her eyes fairly glued to a small inset.

"FOUND—Numerous small purple beads, evidently of value. Owner may have same by matching them for identification.—A. N."

"What if they should be my purple beads?" thought Polly.

Her interest and curiosity were aroused, and she replied to the advertisement and inclosed a dozen of the small trimmings in order to prove possession.

And then one day a small package was handed to her by the mail carrier. Polly opened it eagerly. There, on a bed of white cotton in a small jeweler's box, were dozens of her little purple beads. She looked on the wrapper. "Arthur Norton, College Heights."

How did my beads get out of town? wondered Polly. "And who was Arthur Norton? Where did he get the beads and why did he advertise for the owner of anything so valueless?"

Nevertheless, she put the box of beads away carefully and proceeded to recall the names of every one she had ever met from the university town. She had not been to a hop or a fraternity dance since she had worn the gown.

When the girls were both invited to a dance at one of the fraternity houses at the University the following month, Polly said, "Let's go. It's ages since we've been to one."

"All right; I'll go."

Polly had a premonition that she ought to wear her purple frock. She didn't quite admit it to herself, but this was the real reason for her going to the dance at all—to find out if there was such a person as Arthur Norton in the college town.

Polly and her chum reached College Heights on schedule time. Polly's heart danced at the adventure of her trip. The orchid gown was in her bag with the purple satin slippers and silver wreath for her bobbed hair.

They were scarcely inside the door of the fraternity house when the man she was with was stopped by a friend.

"Hello, Norton, coming tonight, of course?" asked Polly's companion.

"Rather," replied the stranger.

He had not noticed Polly.

Polly, accustomed, at least to a glance from most male eyes, was a trifle piqued when the stranger passed on. "Who was that?" she asked loftily, the name having caught her ear.

"Oh, that's Professor Norton, the new professor of applied psychology. A bit of a nut, perhaps, but quite all right. He'll be at the dance."

Surely he could not be Arthur Norton, argued Polly to herself.

That night when Professor Norton was presented to her and she saw his splendid gray eyes fall on the designs of purple beads all over her shimmering gown she knew it was Arthur Norton.

"But—" he began.

Polly stopped him while she got into step. "Don't ask me now, I'd rather wait a minute. Isn't it funny?"

The two danced for a couple of moments in silence, wondering at the rhythm that had so suddenly caught them up together.

"Now tell me," said Polly, looking up at him. "You are Arthur Norton and you did send the beads, but—where did you get them and why did you advertise?"

He explained that in the beginning it had been a joke. One of the men from his house had been visiting in Polly's town, had picked up the beads here and there during the course of a dance, for fun, had pulled them out of his dinner coat and dared Norton to advertise for the owner. Unknown to anyone, he had sent in the advertisement. "With this result," he was saying as he led Polly to a secluded corner.

"Do you believe in such infinitesimally small things having any real place in the scheme of—of Fate?" asked Polly later.

"Do I?" asked Norton, all the earnestness he dared to exhibit in those words. "Wait and see."

Polly did not have to wait long to learn that the purple beads had strewn themselves across her pathway for a wonderful purpose.

(Copyright.)

Omitting Evil

To be fair about it, the love of money is also the root of considerable progress.—Helena (Mont.) Herald.

EXPLAINED



"They don't seem to get along at all well together and I understand they both think almost alike." "They do. He don't think he likes her and she don't think she likes him."

WHAT SHE MEANT



She—Maud says she gets an awful kick out of Ted's car. He—You mean that Ted kicks her out?

LIVING TENTATIVELY



"What did Jack mean when he told you he and I were engaged tentatively?" "Well—he said if he married you on his salary you'd have to live in a tent."

FAILED AS A MODERN



He—She's so delightfully old-time and sensible in her dress. She—Yes, she was a complete failure in the modern rig.

ALWAYS DOWN



Customer—Well, how's business in feathers now? Picking up, I guess. Dealer—No, my friend, it is always down.

JUST THE THING



Eel—I wish I knew what I weighed. Fish—Get on my scales and see!



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS
Milk
of Magnesia

AS FIRST AID

Use Hanford's

Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited

No Appeal From Verdict

of Chinese Death Squad

Whatever may be said about China as being backward, at least there is one modern note struck with more than visible insistence in the nation's capital. Nanking has brought the old-time execution squad thoroughly up to date. A familiar sight in ancient China used to be the squad of honor which percolated through the streets with drawn execution sword, meting out summary justice (or injustice in some cases) upon all who disobeyed the law. Gilbert and Sullivan used to sing about the snickersnee. But this has been put away. The execution squad now carries rifles. It is to be seen in Nanking—seven men and an officer. The leading man, as they wend through the streets in single file, bears a flag upon which is inscribed in Chinese characters a warning to observe the law. There are several such squads on duty 24 hours a day, and its word is life or death to offenders. It supplements the police force, but its action is far more swift and deadly.

The Answer

Lee Shubert, discussing the suppression by the authorities of a French play, "Maya," that he had put on in one of his theaters, said to a Jacksonville reporter:

"The trouble? That question is easily answered. The trouble is that the censorship is too narrow or the play too broad."

"Your question reminds me of the waiter. A guest said to him:

"Waiter, go to the manager and tell him I want to know why the coffee is so weak today."

"I can answer that question sir," said the waiter, "without bothering the manager. There's either too much water or not enough coffee in the beverage."

Hydro Plants Increase

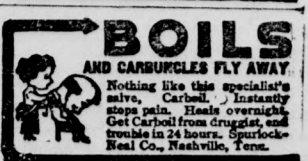
According to the United States geological survey, the local capacity of water-driven electrical generators of 100 horse power or more in the United States on January 1, 1929, was 13,571,000 horse power, an increase of 10 per cent for the year.—New England Utility News.

To get a long well begin at the top and dig down.



Softens water, aids soap, cleans, deodorizes. A real household helper.

20 MULE TEAM BORAX



Nothing like this specialist's ointment. Carbuncles, boils, abscesses, skin eruptions, Get Carbolic from Druggist, and trouble in 24 hours. Spaulding-Royal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

THE CAMPBELL PRESS

Published Every Tuesday at Campbell, California by

HARRY C. SMITH

Edited and Managed by

RICHARD H. KNAPPEN

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER SEPTEMBER 30, 1904,

AT THE POSTOFFICE AT CAMPBELL, CALIFORNIA, UNDER THE

ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1879.

Subscription Rate Per Year in Advance\$1.50

Advertising Rates On Application

MEMBER CALIFORNIA STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editorial

A NEW KIND OF HERO

Time was when every movie hero was the "handsomest ever." Every actor the least bit removed from the perfect "sheik" type was relegated to minor or villainous roles. Now the pendulum is swinging around to the more or less homely hero.

What this may signify, no mere man can tell with any degree of accuracy. But the fact remains that where years ago only John Barrymore, John Gilbert and others of that prepossessing ilk were allowed to woo and win in the movies, today we have such ardent lovers as Louis Wolheim and Victor MacLagen in roles as heroes who win the hearts of ladies fair. Even Will Rogers has become a heart-breaker in the movies. These three gentlemen are all endowed with rare talent, and have fascinating personalities, but they certainly do not measure up to the usual "movie hero" standard of "sheikishness."

We are inclined to look at this phenomena as a good portnent. After all, it is not only the handsome man who succeeds with the ladies. Evidently the movie-goers demand a new sort of realism, asking that the screen show men as they are and not only exceptionally handsome types. Also there seems to be a greater respect, as time goes by, for good acting as opposed to mere decorativeness.

IS VACATION TIME OVER?

The summer, which is generally regarded as vacation time, is over. Children have gone back to school and adults must get back to work again. The months of vacation, week-end trips, "taking it easy," are over.

But, one moment, Mr. Business Man. Don't think you can plunge right into work again without realizing that you need some play, too. Why not take the lesson you learned this summer. That every moment of play meant new strength, new energy.

Play all year. Don't neglect yourself. A little physical culture all year is better than anything else in the world for you.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—work the most you can, the best you can, in the interest of both individual success and community prosperity, but don't forget to play too!

Here'sHowe

BY E.W. HOWE

"The Sage of Potato Hill"

THE LONG SILENCE—CONTRADICTIONS—

PLAYING THE GAME

My greatest ambition at the age of 76 is to be fair, polite, and as little of a nuisance as possible to others, to meet my just obligations to the world and to get out of it with as little annoyance to others as possible. . . . I long to oblige my children by being as little trouble to them as they have been to me, and I have good children. I have vague ambitions to imitate Lyncurgus in one respect. When he was old and useless, he left a kind and intelligent world to his acquaintances, and went on a journey. He was never seen again. I have a vague ambition to spend my last and worst day in a distant place. An occasional friendly letter to my children, and then the long silence. If my final attendants are honestly able to write to my children I was reasonably patient, and in possession of my faculties, I would consider that an achievement: old men not themselves have always been distressing to me.

I have long observed that everything is contradicted. As wise a man as I know will make a statement to me and another equally

The Ancient Wailing Wall Scene of Carnage

A view of the noted wailing wall in Jerusalem, used by those of Jewish faith for religious prayer, at which Jews were slain during the riots between Jews and Arabs. The Moslems charge that the Jews seek to extend their rights to the wall, and are opposed to it.

KIWANIS NOTES

The Kiwanis club met Tuesday noon with President Ed Wiesendanger in the chair. A report of the directors' meeting, held in the grammar school Monday, Sept. 16, was made to the members.

A venison dinner was served on this occasion through the generosity of the president, who hauled the beast from the hills back of Mt. Hamilton.

Mark Purmort acted as chairman and introduced the speaker, Ray Fisher of Los Gatos, who spoke on "Good Citizenship."

"Tac" Cutting conducted an intelligence test by which each member was required to answer 20 questions dealing with Kiwanis International.

NOTICE

A large, natural reed-color flower basket was taken from the community hall at the library, probably with flowers. Will who ever has it kindly return to the library or the hall as it was a gift from Mrs. L. S. Miller for the community room.

—Adv.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Walter Smily returned Sunday from a two-weeks' vacation spent in British Columbia. Smily has a ranch near Vancouver where he spent most of his time.

W. T. Alexander, who has been ill for some time is able to be out and around again.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Tompkins and son of King City were recent visitors at the C. H. Rubbell home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Clendenning returned Tuesday from Woodland, bringing with them their three children who had spent the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halliwell returned Monday evening from a two weeks' vacation at Pacific Grove.

Frank Halliwell visited this evening with his brother, Bill, installer of signals for the Southern Pacific company, who is doing some work in this vicinity.

Miss Katherine Wood, now teaching music at the Hillsborough school, San Mateo, and Miss Margaret wood of the Mt. Shasta high school faculty, are both Campbell girls, graduating from the local high school before taking college courses.

Earl Wakeman of Los Angeles visited his mother, Mrs. Lucy Wakeman recently.

Miss Jessie Lewis visited her niece a Carmel Friday.

J. G. Burns, Al Bulmore, Lee Brown and Joe Cannon went up into Modoc county deer hunting.

Dr. Emily Wells, for several years a resident of Campbell and now living at Burbank, arrived last week for a visit with her cousin, Mrs. T. A. Cutting and family.

fast company solely on merit. I was once talking of baseball to an old player, who had been given a chance in fast company, and failed. He did not exhibit the slightest bitterness because he was compelled to quit the game and engage in law. "In order to be accepted in the big leagues," he said, "a man must have everything; I hadn't it." In business as in baseball, the game is played in the country as well as in the big towns, and the same rules hold good; most applause and profit for those able to best hit the ball, field and display the most intelligence. The stars in the big towns are constantly dropping out because of age; recruits must be had from the country, and always the recruits are selected strictly on accomplishment. Any young man who understands the game of baseball and its rules understands the conditions governing success in life. If he fails to play the game as well as he might, let him take his medicine with as good grace as possible.

LaBarbaras Move Back To Campbell

Mr. and Mrs. Philip LaBarbara have purchased one of the attractive homes in the Hedegard subdivision on Winchester road. They are moving out from Willow Glen and expect to be shipshape in the new place soon.

Registration Heavy At Both Schools

Considering the fact that the prune crop is late this year registration in the local schools to date indicate a heavy enrollment, 700 being enrolled in the grammar school and 315 have taken up their courses of study at the high school.

When you pay by Check

You enlist with the thousands of our clients that handle their personal and business affairs in the only manner that provides accuracy of record, surety of receipt, and maximum of convenience.

Pay by check—a moderate amount will start your checking account with American Trust Company

American Trust Company

Merger of Mercantile Trust Company of California and the American Bank Since 1854

Commercial • Savings • Trust • Investments

Foreign • Safe Deposit

Campbell Branch

Member Federal Reserve System • Head Office San Francisco

First Church of Christ, Scientist

Los Gatos, California

announces

A Free Lecture on Christian Science

By Paul Stark Seeley, C. S. B.,

Of Portland, Oregon

Member of the Board of Lectureship of the Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts

In The Los Gatos Theatre

41 Santa Cruz Avenue, Los Gatos

Friday Evening, September 20, 1929

At 8:15 o'clock

The Public is Cordially Invited to Attend

School Supplies

Binders—

College1.10

I. P.75

Varsity70

Acme45

Binder Papers

All kinds, 28 sheets10

Drawing Pads

9x12 Manila15

9x12 White20

12x18 White40

Drawing and Misc. Supplies

Eagle drafting pencils05

Eldorado Pencils, 5B to 6H10

Compasses 10, 25 and50

Rulers05

Thumb Tacks, 1 doz.05

Chamois10

Crayolas20

Fixatif25

French Charcoal, 2 sticks05

India Ink25

T-squares2.50

Architect's scales75

Mech. Drawing sets, low as5.50

Mech. Drawing paper, 4 sheets .35

Writing Equipment

Automatic Pencils, 10, 25 and .50

Erasers, 2 for 5 and05

Fountain Pens as low as 1.00

All kinds fountain pen ink15

Fancy Penholders, 15 and25

Pencils05

All other supplies at correspondingly low prices at

Smith's



SOULS for SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

EIGHTH INSTALMENT

Then the lights went out and there was a wait while Mike ran along the gallery parallel, with tweezers in his gloved hands. When Mike was ready the camera man shouted: "Hit 'em! All right, Mr. Claymore!" Mr. Claymore called: "Music, please!"

And Mem found herself in a sea of blazing radiance tremulous with a shimmer of music.

She went back to the door and nodded when Claymore's "Are you ready?" penetrated the myth realm from far away. She heard him murmur: "Camera! Action!" and she heard his voice reciting an improvised libretto for her pantomime.

"You've come from your dark cell! The light blinds you! You begin to see the angry public, the cruel judge. You flinch. You fall back. They are going to sentence me to death. They are hissing me because I loved too well! But my little baby! They said I killed loved him! How I felt his little hands on my cheek, his lips at my breast! how I suffered when his cheek grew cold! O God! I prayed for his life even though it meant eternal shame! But he is gone! My lover is dead! What is this world to me! Wring your hands! Look at the judge! Draw yourself up! Deify him! That's it! Now let the tears come. My baby, I am coming to you! My baby!"

She heard his voice wailing and trembling like the vox humana stop the village organist used to pull out for the sake of pathos. It was maudlin, unforgivably cheap and trashy, yet it was the truth for her, as for millions of other girls. It was true because it had broken so many hearts.

She felt a fool, a guilty fool. The music, the lights, the director's voice—all, all was insanity. But it swept her heartstrings with an Aeolian thrill and they sang with a mad despair.

But Mem had been schooled all her life to keep her hands down and to avoid flourish, to take short steps and to keep her waist and hips stolid. Though the fashions

you will, you've got a big future. If you won't you'll slump along playing small parts until you lose your bloom of youth, then you'll slip into character parts and go out like an old candle."

The upshot of this ordeal by fire was that Mem was recognized as a star yet to be made—if, indeed, her nebulous ambitions should ever be condensed into solid achievement.

Claymore felt that she had a future. He told her so. But he told her that a period of hard work lay between her and that paradise.

Theirs was an exceedingly curious method of getting acquainted. Teacher and student became as much involved in each other's souls as Abelard and Heloise at their first sessions.

Claymore offered her a lift home in his automobile. It was quicker than the street car, but it seemed far quicker than that. They chattered volubly of art theories and practices. They did not realize how long the car stood in front of her bungalow before Mem got out, or how long he waited after she got out, talking, talking, before he bade her the final good night.

Her mother realized it, peering through the curtains, and Leva exclaimed:

"Good Lord! The minx has the director eating out of her hand already. She'll get on!"

She met Tom Holby on the lot one day. He had been asked to come over and talk of a possible contract with the Bermond Company. He greeted Mem with effusive enthusiasm, and she warmed at the pride of his recognition. Then she felt a little twinge of conscience to be so glad to see Mr. Holby since now she fancied she belonged to Mr. Claymore.

One day when a little scene was being filmed in which Mem was the only actress, the rest of the company being excused for a change of costume, a visitor from overseas was brought upon the set, a great French general.

The publicity man suggested that the general might like to be photographed on the scene. He laughed

my bosom and the daughter reared in the shelter of our home could have fallen so low so suddenly. Before I write more I want to hear the truth from both of you, if you can and will tell it.

The Reverend Doctor Steddon was something more than a father to his daughter, something more than a husband to his wife; he was also the high priest of their religion.

But Mrs. Steddon had grown up with her husband and had seen his tempers goad him to too many mistakes. She was merely angry at him now for a burst of wrath, while Mem covered before him as an inspired prophet.

Finally, in a fine frenzy she went to her table and wrote her husband an answer to his letter.

Dear Husband—I am ashamed of you for writing such a mean little note. Yes, I am proud to say that my daughter is an actress and is doing fine work. If you are not proud of her it is because you don't know enough to be. You will some day, you'll see.

She is working hard and earning lots of money and I'm going to

stay down here as long as she needs me. I guess you can get along without me for a while. If you can't, come on out and see for yourself how wrong you are. I hope your next letter will be an apology. Mem would send her love if she knew I was writing. Your loving

Wife.

When this tiny bomb exploded in Doctor Steddon's parsonage it produced an outstanding effect. The old devil fighter was not afraid of all the legions of hell. He could even face his richest pew-holder without flinching.

But he was afraid of that little wife of his. She alone could scold him with impunity and by the mere withdrawal of her approval cast a cloud across his heaven. He was in an abject perplexity now.

Have a job and get a job. To him that hath—

Remember Stedon's first picture was approaching its finish.

She had already been acquiring a little name. Gossip of every sort was rife, and some of it was flattering. The word floated about that "Steddon was making good at Bermond's."

The Bermond company, when her picture was finished, agreed to "rent" Mem to a new company that was to make Tom Holby a star. He had earned the elevation and this meant that he and Robina Teele would part company—at least upon the screen.

When Mem read of this flatter-

(Continued on Page 8)

New York Cow Sets Non-Stop Record



Completing her ninth test, Sophie's Emily, at Randleigh Farm, Lockport, N. Y., emerged as the world's greatest dairy cow. For her nine successive tests she has averaged 781 pounds of butterfat and 15,927 pounds of milk, her total production to date being 7,030.31 pounds of butterfat and 143,348 pounds of milk.

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

MM-PET Milk, 6 small cans	25c
Ridgway's Orange Label tea, one-half lb	45c
United Toilet Tissue, 3 rolls	23c
Post Toasties, 3 pkgs	25c
Del Monte Large Asparagus tips, picnic tins	17c
ARGO Corn Starch, 1 lb net Weight	8c
Van Camp's Bean Hole Beans, 2 cans	25c
Fluffo Shortening, 4 lbs	87c
Supreme Strawberry Preserves, 3 pound jar	59c

PARA-DI-CHLORO BENZENE for tree borers. Now is the time to apply

We carry ORTHO Brand in all sizes
COVER CROP SEED

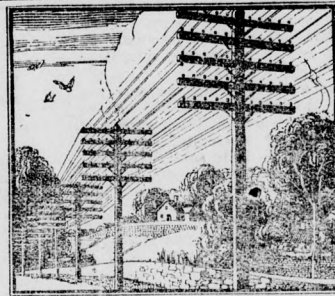
Melilotus Vetch Barley
GET OUR PRICES

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 37

Service and Dependability.

Marchers on the Road of Progress



SINCE the dawn of time, carry the human voice and human sight around the world, although how to make this economically practical is yet to be discovered.

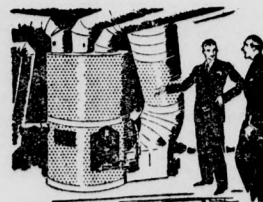
Every marching rank of telephone poles means that man can now talk readily over the miles.

And in the Bell Laboratories in New York, where television was first demonstrated in 1927, it has been found how to place the world a better place to live in.



THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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"So that's why the air is so warm and fresh!"

Have care-free, comfortable warmth by installing an automatic gas-fired heating system. It costs less. Works like any good system, except it burns gas fuel. Lasts for long years with little servicing. Modern ventilated firebox passes all products of combustion outdoors. Into your rooms flows heat as clean as the warmth from the sun.

There are many types of good

gas-fired heating equipment. How can you know which to choose?

The experience of P G and E engineers and their knowledge of all types of gas-fired heating systems qualifies them to judge which is the most adaptable for each home. Their knowledge is for your benefit. For details, phone or call our office. Automatic heating installed for 10% down and terms.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
P.G. and E.
Owned - Operated - Managed by Californians

227-228



She felt a fool. The music, the lights, the director's voice—all was insanity.

of the day gave her short, loose skirts, no corsets, free arms, she might as well have been handcuffed and hobbled and fastened in iron stays for all the freedom she used.

Claymore made her run, with longer and longer stride, fling her arms aloft and bend and touch the floor, take the steps of a Spanish dancer and a Spanish vixen. But she was unbelievably inept.

"I wish I had the courage and the kindness to give you a Belasco training," he said. "You know he testified in court that when he trained Mrs. Leslie Carter for her big war-horse roles, he had to break her muscle-bound condition first. He threw her down stairs, throttled her, beat her head against the wall, and chased her about the room. She told me herself that she learned the Declaration of Independence by heart and spent hours and hours repeating it as glibly as she could. Every time she missed an articulations she went back to the beginning and recited it all over again—hundreds and hundreds of times. That's how she learned to deliver great tirades with a breathless rush, yet made every syllable distinct. That's how she learned how to charge about the stage like a lioness.

"To be a great actress is no easy job. You've got to work like a fiend or you'll get nowhere. You've got to exercise your arms and legs and your voice and your soul. If

and came forward with a boyish eagerness. When the picture appeared in newspaper supplements about the world it was stated in each of the captions that the great warrior had said, "Remember Steddon is the prettiest girl in America."

More amazed yet, Mem first learned of this astounding tribute from her astounded father.

The news came in a letter from the man Mem and her mother loved and dreaded. As Mrs. Steddon's fingers opened the envelope in the awkwardness of guilt, two pictures fell to the floor. They were in the brown rotogravure of the Sunday supplements and presented Mem standing at the side of the French general. Both stated that he had called this promising member of the Bermond company "the prettiest girl in America."

Mem and her mother gathered themselves together as if they had been dazed by a rip of lightning from the blue and waited for the thunderbolt to smash the world about them. They read the letter together. It began without any "Dear Wife" or "Dear Daughter." It began:

The enclosed clippings were sent to me by members of my congregation who were sojourning in New York and one in Chicago. It is hard for me to doubt the witness of my eyes, but it is almost harder to believe that the wife of

"Wobblies"

Wear and What to Do

YOU see tires "wobbling" on many cars—perhaps yours, too, are guilty. If so, the rubber is being "wiped" off the tread—you'll soon have worn spots in the center.

Tires "out of line"—a less noticeable condition—drag with a side motion as they revolve. Rubbing the tread with a file is just as healthy for a tire.

Many things may cause your wheels to track improperly. Often the cure is simple. It's expensive to neglect.

Without charge we'll gladly test the alignment of your front and rear wheels. Drive in any time—we have a special instrument for the purpose. It requires only a few moments. You may save yourself many dollars in avoidable tire wear.

You have your oil and water checked regularly—why not give your tires the same fair chance to perform?

Goodyears, we believe, have the toughest treads and the most miles built into them of any tires today. Even Goodyears, however, can have their lives shortened by lack of attention.

Haliwell & Jones,

Opposite
Schools

Exide
BATTERIES

Phone
111



Not Always Wisdom to Insist on Precision

The late R. F. Outcault, of Yellow Kid fame, said one day in Flushing: "Most of our comic-strip artists are short on grammar. It doesn't pay to correct them, though. They get back at you if you do."

"Does it ever pay to correct anybody?"

"Once a college president was looking for a teacher of English. He hired a chap finally from New York whose English seemed to be perfect. When the salary and everything had been arranged for, the New Yorker rose to go."

"Where's my hat?" he said. "I'm going to go now."

"The college president was shocked at such poor English."

"Going to go!" he moaned.

"The New Yorker smiled."

"Well, I'll stay the night, if you insist," he said, "but I must catch the first train in the morning."

IT'S folly to suffer long from neuritis, neuralgia, or headaches when relief is swift and sure, with Bayer Aspirin. For 28 years the medical profession has recommended it. It does not affect the heart. Take it for colds, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago. Gargle it for a sore throat or tonsillitis. Proven directions for its many uses, in every package. All drug stores have genuine Bayer Aspirin which is readily identified by the name on the box and the Bayer cross on every tablet.



Good News

An editorial writer says anybody can play good golf for a little while. That's encouraging to the 101,000 golfers in the United States who have been trying for 20 years or more to shoot under 100.—Springfield Sun.

Disappointing

"So you didn't find your mother's meals as good as they used to be?"

"No, she's going to a different delicatessen now."

Son says that he got through college on credits and dad just can't figure out where the cash went.



CHAMPION'S exclusive sillimanite insulator is practically impervious to carbon and oily deposits. Special analysis electrodes resist pitting and burning to the utmost. That is why Champions excel in service.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS
TOLEDO, OHIO

Traffic cop gets summons

Even he can't get away with it

"DON'T try to put anything over on Nature," is the way a cop would express it. "Sooner or later she'll get you. Give you a ticket and lay you up in a place where you'd rather not be. Even cops can't get away with it. Like everyone else, if they don't pay attention to the warnings they get a summons that lands them in the doctor's office."

"What the doctor advises is Nujol. Says Nujol will regulate you just like you regulate traffic. Keep things from getting in a jam. And the doctor is right. Just ask the healthiest men on the Force. If they need Nujol—with all the exercise they get—what about the fellows that roll by in their cars?"

"Just take a tip from me. You may have the best intentions in the world. But everybody gets tied up at times. Nature can't always take care of things without help."

"Our Medical Chief tells me that Nujol isn't a medicine. It contains absolutely nothing in the way of medicine or drugs. It's simply a pure natural substance (perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York), that keeps things func-



Nature's law O. K.

tioning at all times as Nature intends them to. Normally. Regularly. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal."

Start Nujol today. It won't cost you much—not more than the price of some smokes. Worth a try, isn't it?

You'll find Nujol at all drugstores. Sold only in sealed packages. Get some on your way home today.

Little Journeys in Americana

By LESTER B. COLBY

Indian Superstitions

WE ARE likely to think of the American Indian as very brave. The truth is he was filled with a myriad of fears. He lived a life of never-ceasing superstitious terror. We are likely to think of him as a man of few words. Instead, when we look into his habits, we find him a chatterbox. Tongues of the Indians wagged endlessly about their campfires when they were among their own.

The Indian was fearful, ceaselessly fearful, because he lived in a world of a million spirits of every sort, some good, but most of them bad. Many of his pagan beliefs were amazing.

When an Ojibway woman buried her dead husband, she would run from the burial place in zig-zag fashion toward her home, dodging from tree to tree. Her object was to avoid the spirit of the deceased. At sundown the whole village would set up a clamor of noise, rattling various things at hand, shaking the doors of the wigwams and creating a general hubbub. The idea was to frighten away the spirits.

Lakes were the abode of spirits. They lived in caves and caverns and strange shaped rocks. High mountains were wigwams in which gods lived. Smoke coming out of volcanoes were fires in the great tepals of these gods. If a spring bubbled, that was the breathing of some spirit. Echoes were spirits mocking the one who called.

Everything that could not be explained was laid to the act of some god or spirit. So an epidemic would lead to incantations and offerings to the spirits. Belief in witchcraft was common and there are many instances of record showing that both men and women, convicted as witches or sorcerers, were put to death.

Among many tribes no one, not even the bravest warrior, dared leave the tepee or camp circle at night. They were literally afraid of the dark. It is said that there were tribes in the Hudson's Bay territory that were so terror-stricken of the darkness that they kept their fires burning all night and slept only in the daytime. The Mohawks would never leave their dwelling places at night except in groups, because of their fear of the darkness.

A crow was like a black cat—only much worse. Many an Indian expedition has been abandoned, the tribe turning back, because a crow sat and cawed in front of the line of march.

The Otoes believed in a dwarf people, about eighteen inches high, who killed any who came near them. The Shoshones had a legend of a tribe ofimps, two feet high, naked and with a tail. They called them Ninumbees. The Choctaws knew of a race of diminutive people who rode swiftly in the moonlight on the backs of deer and sang magic songs. These mythical people were known as Itallaboyas.

Blackfeet worshiped demons with much ceremony and self-torture. They had to torture themselves without showing any sign of pain. Some tribes buried their dead children by the side of a trail in the hope that their spirits might enter the body of some woman passing. If this happened they would be born again.

The Dakotahs believed that when one became ill it was due to an animal spirit entering the body. A toothache was the work of a woodpecker's spirit. Dreams played an important part in their superstitions. They found cause to fear or worship almost everything in nature. Some tribes worshiped the sun and the moon.

Peculiar shaped stones, bits of copper or iron ore, fragments of quartz became heirlooms or amulets and sometimes were cherished in families for generations. Such things, regardless of bulk or weight, might be carried around from camp to camp for many years. Medicine bags became the reposing places of strange bits of junk.

Sometimes when a great chief died the mourners would cut off fingers and otherwise mutilate themselves. Again they might rip off patches of skin. Such actions are supposed to be due to a morbid fear and terror of death.

When a whirlpool in some stream sucked down a man, the Indians believed a devil reached up from his abode and grabbed the victim. If a man fell and was hurt, a demon of some sort tripped him.

Prior to the coming of the whites, it is claimed, no Indian had any conception of a Supreme Being. The Algonquin word, Manitou, was applied to gods in general. Most gods were evil. They were things to be overcome. They might be met in the form of almost anything—a toad, perhaps, or a worm, or a turtle. Many tribes especially feared to kill a rattlesnake. When they met a rattlesnake they would gather around it, praise it, speak of it in high terms, call it grandfather and pledge their word that they would protect it.

Thus almost everything that came into an Indian's life, either animate or inanimate, might be haunted, or a devil, or a god. Everything was a "sign" to him and the most of his signs were bad ones. Compared with the Indian as he was, the southern negro is almost superstitious-free.

(© 1929, Lester B. Colby.)

Free Text Books

Nineteen states furnish free text books to school children. They are as follows: Arizona, California, Delaware, District of Columbia (elementary schools only), Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Montana, Nebraska, Vermont (elementary schools only), Wyoming, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Utah (elementary), Texas, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and South Dakota.

Lucky Fellow

"How did you come to beat your wife?" "Quite by accident! She usually beats me."

Accidentally

An Arkansas lady cured fits in a valuable dog with Russ Ball Blue. Many others now use it. Never fails, she says.—Adv.

Losses

"Work teaches a girl the value of money." "Still, you can learn something at bridge, too."

The business man may not care to increase his figure but how he does like to increase his figures!

Castor Oil in Demand

New York city now is consuming more castor oil than at any time in its history—but not as a medicine. Hundreds of tons of castor beans are arriving almost every fortnight in Brooklyn from India and, according to M. C. Brown of the Bush Terminal, they are mainly for conversion into lubricating oil for airplanes. The sudden new demand for castor oil, he says, also has provided additional jobs for many persons in India, where the cultivation of the castor plant is being increased.

One You Like to Sidestep

Blinks—You never seem to enjoy meeting Growley.

Jinks—Say, that pest can think up more unpleasant things than a wife, to talk about.

Didn't Want Him

The girls were talking, as girls sometimes do.

"Are you happy with your new fiancé?" asked one.

"No, I'm not. No one has tried to take him away from me."—Lustige Welt.

Eheu!

Engagement—Now, don't worry about that piano, honey, I'll get it upstairs for you.

Marriage—Bring you home a spool of thread? Do I look like a pack-horse? Telephone!—Western Features.

There's quite a difference between keeping boarders and having boarders keep you.

An inch of smile is better than a yard of frown.

Read what

Will Rogers
writes about
LEVI STRAUSS OVERALLS

A New Pair FREE If They Rip

Ask your dealer for LEVI'S

Reliable Merchandise since 1853

Keep school shoes looking new

Watch scuffs disappear at the touch of the dauber. Clean, smooth color comes back to faded shoes. More than 50 marvelous shades—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

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Agents Make Money, with our sell-on-eight line of Christmas Cards with your customer's name on them in raised letters. Classic Printery, 108 Eureka St., San Francisco, Calif.

BLACKSMITH SHOP SO. CALIF., town on Highway, est. 6 yrs.; nets \$200 mo.; fully equip. III health forces sale, Central Investment Co., 3036 W. Pico, Los Angeles.

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 37-1929.

Do You Remember?

An old timer is one who can remember when newspaper photographers had to blush and stutter a timid request for the ladies to raise their skirt a little to make an interesting picture.—Pathfinder Magazine.

A prudent enemy is better than an indiscreet friend.



Lydia E. Pinkham and Her Great Grandchildren

IF Lydia E. Pinkham were alive today she would be 109 years old. Her descendants continue to manufacture her famous Vegetable Compound and the integrity of four generations is behind the product. By accurate record, this medicine benefits 98 out of every 100 women who report after taking it. You can be almost certain that it will help you too.

10,000 Bottles Sold Every Day

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.

Tradition



MUCH that we are—much that we hope to be, rests on the cornerstone of our community—TRADITION! This cornerstone is the foundation upon which to build the living center which was the vision of our stalwart forbears.

What we have achieved as a community we owe to the loyal effort and the invincible spirit of our Civic Forefathers—effort and spirit which has characterized American communities up thru the hard-lived years since the landing of the Mayflower.

Our fathers and grandfathers, amid more humble surroundings, visioned a prosperous, happy living center. Generations of loyal, hardy citizenship has helped in its realization. It is from these intrepid men and women we gain the inspiration for our work. To them we owe our present day opportunities.

Why did they spend the years of effort if not to challenge—to spur us to further achievement?

Why have we these spirited American traditions—of which our community is so much a part—if not to urge us to CARRY ON!

New times have brought new problems—new methods and industries; new communication and transportation systems; new problems requiring new answers; new emergencies demanding new strategy.

We face the task of taking stock of what we have—raising the standards of our community according to national comparisons—strengthening the fabric of our community life and building on to further growth, prosperity and happiness.

THERE IS NO STANDING STILL—WE MOVE FORWARD—OR, WE MOVE BACKWARD.

We present this page in appreciation of the rich heritage left us by "those who went before" and in realization of responsibility to our sons and daughters.

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Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall.
Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

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FOR RENT
\$25, 3 rms & bath, fireplace, furn.
\$20, 3 rms & bath, fireplace, unfurn.
\$20, 3 rms, furn including light
\$18 Living rm, bedrm kitchen, fur
Phone Campbell 137-J

WANTED—To hear from Carpenter who will give half cash and half work for winter rent. Write P. O. Box 113.

LEGAL NOTICES
NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That default having been made in the payment of installment of interest on the promissory note secured by that certain Deed of Trust executed by JOE HANSEN and EVELYN HANSEN, husband and wife, to SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO., a Corporation, as Trustee, and S. N. HEDEGARD and ANNIE M. HEDEGARD, husband and wife, as Beneficiaries, dated August 18th, 1928, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, on the 22nd day of August, 1928, in Volume 423 of Official Records, at Page 31 and following; which said note and deed of trust were, by instrument dated the 25th day of August, 1928, and recorded on the 25th day of May, 1929, in the office of the County Recorder of Santa Clara County, California, in Volume 463 of Official Records, Page 291 et seq., assigned by said S. N. Hedegard and Annie M. Hedegard, husband and wife, to L. D. Bohnett, who is now the owner and holder thereof;
And default having been made in the payment of interest due November 18th, 1928, upon said note, and said default having continued for more than one month, and the owner and holder of said note and deed of trust having exercised his option to declare the entire principal and interest on said note to be immediately due and payable;
And application in writing having been made to the undersigned, as Trustee under said deed of trust, by L. D. Bohnett, the owner and holder of said note and deed of trust, that the undersigned sell the premises by said deed of trust conveyed, and hereinafter described, as in said deed of trust provided; NOW, THEREFORE, The under-

The "Babe" Once More Leads Both Leagues



With all his handicaps, Babe Ruth has caught and passed them all! Again he leads both leagues in home runs—despite his long lay-off, heart trouble, injuries and sickness. Under great pain from sore muscles Babe Ruth nevertheless came to the fore this season. Proving that "Ruth" crushed to earth will rise again!

MORE LOCALS

Mrs. Jessie Clark of Oakland is taking charge of the art classes at the Campbell high school until Miss Johnson recovers from her recent illness. Mrs. Clark will stay with Miss Jessie Lewis during Miss Johnson's leave of absence.

Frank Blaine and Albert Turner left Sunday morning for Yosemite where they are enjoying a week's outing and then Frank expects to spend the second week of his vacation at Pacific Grove with relatives.

There will be a special program Sunday evening at the Congregational church when John Frederick Mason of San Jose will give "The Telling of Felix," by Henry Van Dyke.

signed Trustee will, on the 17 day of October, 1929, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock A. M. of that day, at the front door of the County Court House of Santa Clara County, in the city of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, in pursuance of the provisions of said deed of trust, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in United States Gold Coin, the land and premises situated in the County of Santa Clara, State of California, described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point which is on a line 2 feet Easterly measured at right angles from the Easterly line of the Santa Clara and Los Gatos Road, 50 feet wide, being distant along said line parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road, North 240 feet from

Local Women Attend "Merienda" Saturday

Mrs. George Page, Mrs. L. J. Carbone, Mrs. George Robson, Mrs. J. C. Ainsley, Madame George, Mrs. Ira Beal, Mrs. Ralph Hyde, Mrs. D. H. Cramer, Mrs. Ira Abbott, Miss Helah Laird, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Parso, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey H. Whitman, all of Campbell community, attended the "Merienda" held at Fremont Olders Saturday afternoon and sponsored by the Santa Clara branch of the American League of Pen Women.

the Southerly line of Lot 1 as shown upon the Map of P. G. Keith's Subdivision in the Northwest ¼ of the Southwest ¼ of Section 26, T. 7 S. R. 1 W. M. D. M. which said Map is of record in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, in Book "D" of Maps, Page 169, records of said County, and running thence from said point of beginning and parallel with the Easterly line of said Santa Clara-Los Gatos Road and distant 2 feet therefrom, North 60 feet; thence S. 89 degrees 26 minutes E. and parallel with the Southerly line of said Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches; thence South and parallel with the Easterly line of said Road, 60 feet; thence N. 89 degrees 26 minutes W. and parallel with said Southerly line of Lot 1, 316 feet 10 inches to the point of beginning, and being a part of said Lot 1 of P. G. Keith's Subdivision as hereinabove referred to.

DATED: September 10th, 1929
SAN JOSE ABSTRACT & TITLE INSURANCE CO., (CORPORATE SEAL) By L. P. EDWARDS, President Bohnett, Hill & Campbell Attys., San Jose, Calif. (2-3-4-5-6)

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Hoover's Son Speaking



Herbert Hoover, Jr., 26, son of the president, speaking over the radio on "Radio: Magic Guide for Airplanes."

REV. W. C. ROBINS LEAVES FOR BYRON

The Rev. W. C. Robins, for several years pastor of the local Methodist church, has been transferred to Byron by the California annual Methodist conference that closed in Oakland Monday afternoon.

Reverend Robins has been in charge of the Campbell church for the past three years and during that time has worked faithfully for the advancement of his church and for the welfare and betterment of the community. He has proved himself a fine citizen and will go to his new pastorate with the best wishes of his fellow townsmen. The Rev. A. S. Beale of Los Molinos, Tehama county, has been assigned to the Campbell church and will soon be fully established.



JUST as the "80-mile" car insures smooth running at 50, so the surplus of mileage in the DUAL-Balloon gives incomparable assurance of trouble-free, uninterrupted running. Whether you keep your car a year, or two or more, in all probability you will never have a moment's delay chargeable to rubber.

Although rubber cost has advanced, tire prices are still based on the former low cost. The top quality tire is still within the reach of all.

Haliwell & Jones

"Opposite Schools" CAMPBELL, CALIF.

GENERAL Dual-Balloon 8

Let us tell you how to get the DUAL-Balloon "8" on your New Car

Charles L. Willett, who had been a guest in the home of his sister, Mrs. Charles Sutter, returned to his home in Los Angeles Friday. Mr. Willett is well known among the older residents, as he conducted the first grocery store in Campbell.

SOULS FOR SALE

(Continued from Page 5)
ing plan in an evening paper, her heart gave a hop. She was not sure just what the excitement meant within her there.

She did not want Tom Holby for herself, yet she did not want to see any other woman land him.

Claymore obtruded upon her

meditations. She was under obligations imposed by his devotion.

He tried to be particularly aloof, professional, and directorial in his conduct with Mem; lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steadon were thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

(Continued Next Week)

The Associated Cleaners

1467 THE ALAMEDA

Cash and Carry

Suits	50c
Overcoats	50c
Ladies Plain Coats	75c
Plain Wool Dresses	75c

All other work in accordance with above prices

These prices are for garments brought to the store and called for. All mending extra.

R. R. Watkins, Mgr.

Right from the Oven

The best buns you ever tasted.

Serve them once and you will always serve them—fresh every day. Made of the purest ingredients by expert bakers.

Try a dozen today.

We are noted for the high quality of our cakes, pies and bread. Everything at economy prices.

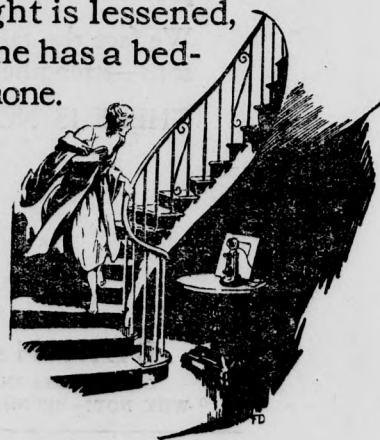


When a telephone is needed in the night...

Dread of dark hallways has kept many a woman from telephoning.

Sudden illness—fire—any peril in the night is lessened, if the home has a bedside telephone.

A bedside extension is as useful as the main telephone itself.



THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

PINKY DINKY and His Gang

By Terry Gilkison

